

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Flight o' Time: Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30 and 40 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO: June 10, 1946. (It was Monday)

Medford stores participating in the UNRRA food and cash donations drive were announced today by Robert Upson, chairman.

From Arthur Perry's 'Ye Smudge Pot' column: So far this month, there has been nothing so rare as a June day in June.

20 YEARS AGO: June 10, 1936. (It was Wednesday)

Mrs. Charles Braack of the Butte Falls district was bitten by a rattlesnake on her right hand today while distributing gopher poison near her home.

Oregon Osteopathic association will hold its annual convention here June 19-20.

30 YEARS AGO: June 10, 1926. (It was Thursday)

Judge E. D. Briggs of Ashland, chairman of the general committees on the removal of the courthouse, was in Medford today to confer with Rawles Moore, president of the bar association.

A check for \$25 for a membership in the local chamber of commerce was received this morning by Secretary Boyl, of the chamber, from James E. Grieve, fight manager and trainer.

40 YEARS AGO: June 10, 1916. (It was Saturday)

At a meeting of the county court Friday the advertising of bids for the grading of the Ashland hill section of the Pacific highway was authorized.

During the season of 1916 the Rogue River Fruit and Produce association will handle their fruit either in pools or for the individual account of the grower.

What's the Answer?

- 1. A woman cannot become President without an amendment to the Constitution; right or wrong?
2. The Federal Republic of Germany (West Germany) is larger or smaller than East Germany under Communist rule, or about the same size?
3. Less than a million members are now in unions outside the new AFL-CIO; right or wrong?
4. Lawyers and dentists will or won't be covered by social security under bill now on way to enactment?
5. The number of civilian employees of the federal government has been going up or down this year?
6. Americans own (a) 40 million, (b) 55 million, (c) 70 million, or (d) 80 million ordinary life insurance policies?
7. Only (a) 1, (b) 2, (c) 3, or (d) 4 of the world's 10 highest mountains have not yet been scaled?
The answers: 1. Wrong. 2. Much larger. 3. Wrong; close to 2,000,000 are in the non-affiliated unions. 4. Will be covered. 5. Increased each month to total of 2,359,611 in April. 6. 80,000,000, according to University of Michigan survey. 7. One (Dhaulagiri).

"You Never Can Tell"

According to our New York representative the Boys on Wall Street are so sure of Ike's reelection they refuse to open any books on the outcome.

This—if true—is unusual. Yet as things stand today were the bookies to accept wagers, the odds on "Ike" would probably be so astronomical that even Secretary of Defense Wilson with all his millions, would hesitate to risk even one of them.

FOR you can't always, sometimes tell. It does look like a "shoo-in" for the President against any Democratic nominee thus far mentioned, but who would want to give odds of say a hundred to one?

THERE ARE 5 months still to go. A great many things might happen in 150 days to change the picture, if not completely transform it. And as all the statistical experts know, a slight change in the distribution of the popular vote four years ago could have resulted in a Stevenson victory.

AS AN INDICATION of how things in a comparatively short time can change and make monkeys out of the self-anointed prophets, look at baseball—especially the time-honored National League.

Who six weeks ago would have predicted Pittsburgh would be leading the pack, with the "champs" from Brooklyn only four spots from the bottom? Not even E. T. or the redoubtable E. G. B. jr. would have risked so much as a buck on any such incredible juxtaposition.

Yet only a day or two ago that was the situation, and as this is written another "weak sister," Cincinnati, is leading the league, with not only Brooklyn but the famed New York Giants, champions in 1954, among the "also rans."

What has happened in sports COULD happen in politics—the odds are against it but so were the odds against "Sugar Ray" Robinson and Jim Bailey, but look what THEY did!

DELVING in sporting terms and speaking of Adlai Stevenson four years ago what are the odds on his being the Democratic presidential candidate THIS year?

The Stevenson general staff, flushed by their triumph in California claim Adlai's defeat of Senator Kefauver there last Tuesday ends the struggle and Stevenson's nomination is as certain as Ike's. It will be noted that Mr. Stevenson—always modest—makes no such claim, and we—as usual—agree with the former Governor of Illinois.

The primary outcome in California did not end the struggle for Stevenson but only for Kefauver. The latter, following the approved sportsman's code refuses to quit publicly, but he might as well—in fact, better. The primaries are over and Estes never had much of a chance in the Chicago convention anyway, had he put on a repeat performance of his 1952 showing. Failing to do so, and vanquished by Stevenson in a free-for-all voting contest, Senator Kefauver had better follow the advice of his home-state paper, call it a day, and resume the performance of the duties of the position to which the people of Tennessee elected him.

AS TO THE ODDS on Stevenson being the Democratic choice in August we would say they are now about even.

He will enter the convention as an odds-on favorite, and therefore will have to suffer the penalties of such a position. Needless to say the slogan of the Kefauver backers will be "anything to beat Stevenson." Just what the attitude of Senator Symington of Missouri will be is not now clear, but there is no reasonable doubt as to the attitude of Governor Harriman of New York. According to the grapevine, he financed the Kefauver campaign to kill off the former Illinois Governor—if he didn't, certainly someone other than the "Gentleman from Tennessee" did.

According to the same grapevine former President Truman will be in the Harriman corner. If this is correct then there will be a battle royal at Chicago between the "give 'em hell" advocates and the "talk sense" contingent. From the standpoint of political expediency, which rules in all party conventions, there will be valid arguments on both sides. It will be a fight to the finish.

We would not at this time advise anyone to wager any large sum on the outcome. But there is no doubt as far as this department is concerned, what from the standpoint of plain self-interest, politically speaking, the Democrats at Chicago SHOULD do—they should nominate Adlai Stevenson on a "talk sense" platform. Again he might not win, but at least he would have a chance. Governor Harriman would, as we see it, have none. — R. W. R.

You Certainly Can't!

The above was written before the startling announcement of the sudden illness of President Eisenhower was announced.

Needless to say this unexpected and regrettable turn of events changes the political picture materially even though, as now appears likely, the President will make as rapid a recovery as such a major operation allows.

In fact it would transform the status of the Republican party completely, if this second physical upset should convince the President that he could not accept another 4 year term with any expectation of doing the job as he believes it should be done.

Only time can tell. Meanwhile the people of the country are not thinking of politics or partisanship but only of the President of the United States, and as a unit are hoping for his speedy and complete recovery.—R. W. R.

Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE DIATRIBE

Reading Khrushchev's enormous speech, I found myself fascinated by his tale of cruelty and treachery and cowardice, but unconvinced and puzzled by his theoretical explanation of Stalin.

Reduced to its elements, Khrushchev's theory is as follows. The infallible leader, thought that while terrorism should be used to win the class war against the members of the old regime, terrorism should end when the class war had been won, and it should never be used against factions within the revolutionary movement itself.

Khrushchev went on to say that by the time Stalin had climbed to power in the mid-20's, the Communists had won the class war. There was therefore no further need for terrorism against non-Communists and no excuse whatever for terrorism against Communists. Lenin's victorious revolution should then have been conducted by leadership and persuasion within the hierarchy of the Communist party.

This hierarchy was in Lenin's view, as in Khrushchev's, the self-appointed and unquestioned ruler of the new revolutionary regime. Stalin's offense was, according to Khrushchev, that he overrode the Communist party hierarchy, and set up a personal despotism by the use of terror through his own personal secret police. Stalin did this because he had an insane lust for power.

WHAT I find puzzling and unconvinced is Khrushchev's assumption that the terror which has prevailed in Russia was an aberration due wholly to the deranged personality of Stalin. This begs the main question. The question is whether the transformation of Russia in the '30's could have been carried out without terrorism.

I do not doubt at all that Stalin in the monster that Khrushchev makes him out to be. But what we have to remember is that the forced industrialization of Russia and the agrarian revolution, carried out in a short generation, was a monstrously abnormal undertaking. It subjected human beings to an ordeal to which there is no parallel.

It seems to me highly unlikely that the quick transformation of the life of the Russian people could have been carried out without extensive, ruthless, persistent and pervasive terrorism. In all probability the abnormality of the undertaking itself and the abnormality of Stalin's personality reinforced and exacerbated the one or the other.

IN THE NEW cult of Lenin, which Khrushchev celebrates, it is set down that the Communist revolution was victorious by the time of Lenin's death in 1924. The fact is, however, that the revolutionary transformation of Russia into an industrial state was not seriously begun until the first five-year plan in 1928.

This plan called for sacrifice and for a kind of hard labor which could be extracted from any people only under fiercest kind of compulsion. One historian, Richard Charques has this to say about it: "Since the volume of investment in industry, which it called for, could come only from production itself, notoriously low standards of living were reduced to the barest level of subsistence. . . . In the vast new factory encampments in the Urals and beyond, men and women from remote parts of Russia worked and starved and in winter half-froze. Labor discipline was maintained by stringent penalties. . . . The basic tasks of socialist construction were achieved by the blood, toil and tears of peasant labor diverted to industry. It was in the wilds of peasant Russia that the real revolution, effected by the first five-year plan, came with most shattering consequences. . . . The horrors of collectivization is no empty phrase. This second and much greater Bolshevik revolution was waged with implacable cruelty and resisted with the extreme of desperation."

WHAT seems to be false in Khrushchev's argument is the fundamental assumption that this terrible undertaking could have been carried out, but for Stalin's personality, without a reign of terror. It is more likely that the main cause of the terror was the decision to sacrifice one Russian generation in order to transform Russian society, and that Stalin's character was a complicating element in an undertaking to which the whole Communist hierarchy was dedicated.

This would also help to explain, along with the fact that they were personally intimidated, why they worked so long for Stalin.

ALL this bears on the practical questions which are in our minds. What ground is there for thinking that the reaction against the Stalinist terror may be lasting? Why are the present rulers of the Kremlin relaxing the iron discipline of the Soviet state?

My motion is that the Stalinist terror, allowing for Stalin's personal abnormalities, was an integral part of the violent and abnormal revolutionary transformation of Russia which began in 1928. The question would be operated without the terror.

The post-Stalinist rulers of Russia are acting as if they thought that there is now such an equilibrium, and that the Soviet system can now be operated by more normal incentives and discipline. That would explain why they dare to relax.

It would also leave open the question of whether the relaxation will last. In fact it would cause us to believe that it will last only if Russia does not develop a serious crisis, be it internal or external.

WE must remember in all of this that we are not witnessing a revolution against Communism but an historic dispute within the Communist world. The issue between Khrushchev and Stalin, or for that matter between Tito and Stalin, is not about dictatorship, democracy, the Bill of Rights, a government of laws and not of men, much less about the two-party system.

The test of whether the anti-Stalinists are winning is not whether they are coming closer to our American conception of how government ought to be conducted. They have a radically different conception of government from our own, and their quarrel with Stalin is that he distorted their conceptions of government, not that he violated our conceptions.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Freedom of information note: The Turkish parliament has passed a stringent press law. It provides prison sentences for newsmen under certain circumstances. It authorizes suspending newspapers that publish FALSE NEWS.

FIRST let's be cynical. When somebody does something he hadn't oughta do and gets caught at it, it isn't so much the punishment he fears as the DISCLOSURE of his wrongdoing. He'd cheerfully pay a fine or even go to jail if the public could be kept from finding out what he has done.

That is to say: If newsmen can be INTIMIDATED, a lot of news can be kept out of the papers.

NOW let's be sensible: Publishing FALSE news is a crime against decency. When it is deliberate and malicious—when it is done with full knowledge on the part of the newspaper that it IS false—it deserves stern punishment.

But—Who is to be the judge as to its truth or falsity?

THAT brings up a lot of problems. So often men make a public statement and then, when what they said stirs up a frightful row, they renig and say it's all a monstrous lie and they never said any such thing.

Suppose GOVERNMENT were the judge as to truth or falsity. I'm afraid that under such circumstances a lot of newspapers would be suppressed.

LET'S put it this way: If government has the power to decide what is true and what is false, then government has the power to suppress ANY newspaper.

If the time ever comes when government has the power to decide what is true and what is false and has the further power to suppress any newspaper that published what the government SAYS is false, freedom of the press, which means freedom of information, will be gone where the woodbine twines.

THE big point is this: Freedom of the press, which means the right of the people to know what is going on, BELONGS TO THE PEOPLE—not to the newspapers. That is why the subject is important.

THE dispatch telling of the passage of this stringent law adds: "The debate was interrupted by fist fights and, at one point, by a REVOLVER sliding across the floor of the chamber"—presumably knocked out of the hand of some disputant who was about to use it.

I think this riotous debate, with its evidence of strong feeling on the part of the debaters, is evidence that the members of the Turkish parliament realized they were taking action that could result in the death of Turkey's new democracy and the rise of Turkey's old despotism.

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

ON THE EMMAUS ROAD

Emmaus, Jordan—The little village of Emmaus, or Emmaus in the more familiar spelling of the Bible, is no more than a cluster of mud-built Arab houses nestling among sparse olive groves on the crown of a rocky hill.

Just down the sunlit slope there is the immemorial village threshing floor, bright now with the golden harvest. A swarm of tragically thin children are cheering the work on. Two old men guide the scrawny ox and bony donkey which are trampling the wheat stalks in the ancient way. And half a dozen women are briskly sifting the grain from the chaff in big basketwork sieves.

THE RIBBON of road winds up from the vale of Ajalon, past the threshing floor. It is the road we have been brought to inspect by Brother James Nolan, an aged, merry, lavishly bearded English Cockney monk who lives in the abandoned convent of Emmaus and works for the Trappist Fathers in their great nearby monastery of Notre Dame de Latroun. Brother James overflows with little jokes—for instance, he says his Trappist friends drink only "baptized wine," by which he means very heavily diluted with water. But now his eyes' customary twinkle has been replaced by a different light.

Partly it is the light of combat. It angers Brother James that Biblical commentators are not sure that his Emmaus is the real Emmaus of the Bible. As for Brother James, he has no doubt about it. Pointing to the road, with tears of simple faith suddenly welling forth, he tells us solemnly, "there is the road where our blessed Lord, crucified for our sins, risen again from the dark tomb, met the disciples on Resurrection Morn."

MOREOVER, even if Brother James cannot quite prove his identification of Emmaus, this is a place that has known more history than most. Here, we told the moon stood still, for did not Joshua give the command, "Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." Here too the mighty Judah Maccabeus fought one of the first and bitterest battles in the Jews' long war of independence against the Seleucid heirs of Alexander the Great.

Here came the Romans when the Maccabees weakened—in the Trappist Fathers' garden, in the walks deeply shaded by clipped orange trees, white marble fragments of a Roman temple show palely in the cool gloom. Here too came the wild desert-riders of the Caliph Omar, second successor to the Prophet, who started the transformation of the Aramaic Christian peasantry into the Muslim and Arabs that they still are.

Here came also the Crusaders—Richard the Lion Hearted once took his Christmas dinner in the grim keep of the Knights Templar on the high crag of Latroun. Then Saladin drove the Templars from their castles, and after that there were the Turks, and after that the British, and finally the Jews returned again. And here the Arab Legion, dug in among the ruins of the Templars castle, held the Israeli advance down the Emmaus road in a long and bloody fight.

BUT SKIRT the barbed wire that marks the beginning of no-man's-land between Jordan and Israel. Go to the fine gate of the handsome Trappist monastery, where it looks out across its vineyards to the untilled fields of the wide neutral zone in the valley. See the heirs of all this history, the many scores of half-starved poor people of Emmaus who come to share in the monastery's daily distribution of soup and bread. Then you think men can have too much of history.

Seek out the Trappist's tall, slender, wise-eyed Father Abbot, who was a Belgian paratrooper in the war against Adolf Hitler. He tells of the fighting at Latroun between Arabs and Israelis. He explains that under the armistice agreement, all the rich valley lands in the neutral zone are forbidden to be tilled. He describes how the people of Emmaus tried to work their forbidden fields back in 1953; how they managed well enough until the harvest; and how they were caught in the fields at harvest time by the Israeli border guards. "Three were killed among the grain," he says drily. "They had broken the armistice agreement." Once again you think that it is better for poor people to keep out of history's path.

OR GO again among the dusty melancholy streets of Emmaus, to the once prosperous, now shabby house of Mukhtar, who leads the village. Nonetheless, as though telling a story already told too often this shrewd

old farmer describes what has happened to his people. They held no less than 7,500 acres of land "in the times before the war when we were rich." Now "those people over there"—the Mukhtar means the Israelis—hold 4,000 acres of the lands of Emmaus. Another 3,000 acres lie in the neutralized zone, "where we learned our lesson three years ago." And all the lands that Emmaus can till are now the few patches among the rocks on the hill where the village stands.

"We are 2,000 people, we of Emmaus," said the Mukhtar. "With our lands we lived well. Now we beg from the monastery. Our men go to other places to earn support for their families, but they know only the farmer's trade so they earn little. We are not refugees so consistently wrong for such a period of time? Anyway, Friday and Saturday were simply beautiful days—despite the predictions of clouds and occasional showers. It actually got warm—or, as one staff member put it, "One-petticoat weather."

Then indeed you wish to cry out in warning to all simple people everywhere to flee those places where history may tread with a heavy foot. (Copyright 1956 The New York Herald Tribune, Inc.)

Editorial Comment

GIFTED PUPILS NEED CLASSES

The idea of special classes for gifted children, by which fuller development of bright young minds could be achieved, is usually waved aside by educators as unworkable and undemocratic.

The basis for their contention that it is unworkable is the fact that it has been tried and has failed in some places. But we believe that it failed because the method of applying it was wrong, not because of any inherent shortcomings.

The question of democratic procedure enters. Why should one pupil be given special privileges over another just because of superior intelligence?

We do not think that this is the serious question posed by the educator. His problem is the more practical one of dealing with parents who think their child is gifted and should be included among the "favored few." If this is what keeps the educator from favoring special classes for gifted pupils, we think he is failing in his role.

It should take no more courage to separate the gifted students from the masses than it should to set aside the slow student for special work, as is done in many school systems. Much emphasis has been placed on this problem of education—now to bring the sub-normal child up to normal so he can join society as a contributing member. But so far too little emphasis is placed on the problem of developing to their fullest capacity potential leaders of society.

When we speak of democracy, we don't place the period after the word "equality of opportunity for all." We read the whole phrase as "equality of opportunity for all to develop themselves to the fullest."

American society, in its worthwhile striving for equality, can stop too soon to the extent of revering mediocrity. In an educational system, this could be fatal. We think that special classes for gifted children is one way to assure that our education remains progressive and develops the individual as fully as possible.—Coos Bay Times.

Congressional Quiz

(Copyright, 1956 Congressional Quarterly)

Q—With farm surpluses a major headache, agricultural exports assume an important role. Which is the biggest single farm export in dollar value: (a) wheat (b) rice (c) cotton (d) tobacco?

A—(a) Cotton still topped the list in 1955 at \$477 million, but it had slumped sharply from 1954, when cotton exports totaled \$780 million.

Q—Basic legislation in the field of foreign trade is a law passed in 1934 permitting the President to make reciprocal trade agreements with other countries. Under the law, he can agree to adjust tariffs up or down from an agreed base as much as: (a) 25 per cent (b) 50 per cent (c) 75 per cent?

A—(b) 50 per cent.

WEATHER

By United Press

Northern California: Fir Sunday but occasional cloudiness extreme north portion. Fog on coast with occasional drizzle north of San Francisco. Cooler north of Merced Sunday.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

A staff member reports that he and several colleagues dropped into a local lounge the other evening for a moment of relaxation. It was noticed that of the 10 customers in the establishment, all but two were female. Times change.

The report, naturally enough, was made by a male.

We have great respect for the meteorologists of the U.S. Weather Bureau. (It was only a few years ago, in fact, that we learned how to spell their title correctly.) Anyway, our collective heart has bled for them in recent weeks. Did you ever see any group of scientists so consistently wrong for such a period of time?

Anyway, Friday and Saturday were simply beautiful days—despite the predictions of clouds and occasional showers. It actually got warm—or, as one staff member put it, "One-petticoat weather."

We still have that list of examples of Federalese gobbledegook from which we quoted last week. Another one we like is "Further substantiating data is necessary." This means "We've lost your stuff. Send it again."

A neighboring daily newspaper (to the south) and the district attorney are a bit at odds these days, a disagreement over who said what and why. It's none of our affair, but it arose out of a cooperative law enforcement effort which resulted in the closing of an illegal poker game in the town to the south, and the arrest and fining of the participants.

The thing that intrigues us about the situation is the fact that two deputy sheriffs from the northern part of the county joined in the game to get the evidence which led to the arrests.

The two deputies must have had differing emotions about the approaching denouement and end of the game, for we are told that one of them was well ahead while the other one was on the verge of losing his shirt.

One of the senior members of our printing crew recently got back to work after a siege in the hospital during which he was cut open again for about the fifth time. His abdomen, he maintains, looks sort of like a railroad switchyard from the number of healed incisions.

He claims he now couldn't be sent to the penitentiary (he's not likely to be, anyway) because he's sewed up with steel wire, and he'd never get by the prison's automatic gadget that spots people carrying metal.

Three Medford youngsters could be classed as being thrilled one day last week.

A friend of the three fathers recently had a business trip to make to Tucson, Ariz., and he promised them that while there he'd try to get autographed baseballs for them from the Cleveland Indians, then undergoing spring training there.

He purchased the baseballs, all right, but when he arrived the team was on the road. Through a series of misadventures, arrangements to leave the balls there for autographing misfired, and they eventually arrived back in Medford, still white and unsigned.

Our businessman friend, however, was undaunted, and mailed them to Cleveland with faint hope that the ball players would go along with his request for autographs.

Last week they were returned, all of them signed by each member of the Indian team, and they were presented with ceremony to the youngsters—Jimmie Root, Charlie Taylor and David Crowder.

Medford High School Track Coach Bob Newland last week was introducing members of his squad at a Kiwanis club luncheon. As he went down the line, he came to E. H. Hedrick, retired city superintendent of schools. Nothing daunted, Newland introduced "E. H." as a sprinter. An anonymous voice corrected him: "An old sprinter, you mean."

Our sports editor was in Portland last week end to cover the Medford-Lincoln high school baseball game. During the evening he and his wife sat through six hours (18½ innings) of baseball, and both were tired as, in the wee hours, they drove toward Salem.

As he drove, his wife alternately snoozed and kept a lookout for somnolent tendencies on the part of the newspaperman. The urge for sleep, however, soon overcame her, and she dozed off for a considerable spell.

Suddenly she awoke with a start, realized she hadn't been keeping a watchful eye on her husband, and yelled "Wake up, wake up!" The husband, who happened to be wide awake, said his wife's shout nearly frightened him right off the road.